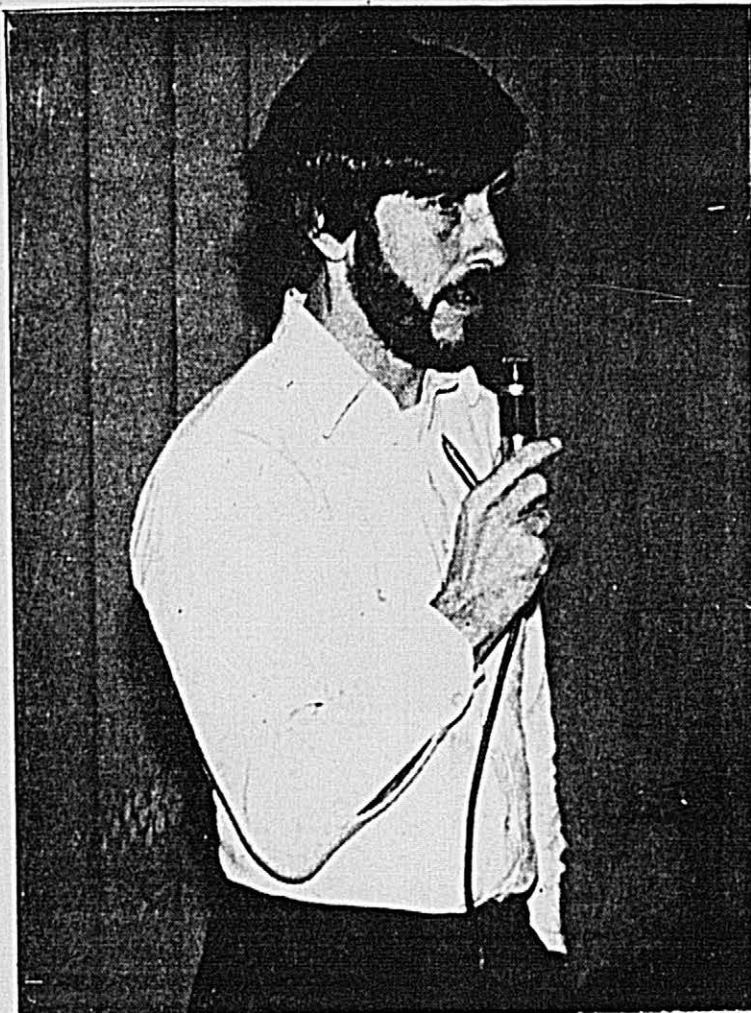




There's no such thing as a safe dose of radiation, says Gordon Edwards of the Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility.

Gordon Edwards:

Nuclear power numbing

by Heather Tisdale

Society is undergoing a process of psychic numbing on the nuclear power question, said Gordon Edwards, chairperson of the Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility (CCNR) to a McGill audience yesterday.

"The prospect of a third world war is very much in the air, but most people feel helpless and powerless," he said.

Secrecy about the nuclear power industry is one reason why it has taken so long for Canadians to realize the extent of its size and influence, he added.

"Any problems that occurred in the nuclear industry in the 1950s were kept secret even from the government."

On the Canadian role in disarmament, he said: "Canada's record is pretty deplorable. We condone the activities of the American nuclear industry, and we attempt to sell reactors to unstable countries such as Argentina and Korea."

To help clarify the issue of nuclear proliferation, Edwards gave an impromptu science lecture on the principle of radioactivity.

He explained that there are

certain naturally occurring substances which are unstable and so only last for a certain period of time. Radioactivity is biologically harmful because it

continued on page 11

And another one bites the dust :

City okays Sulpician development

by Brahm Pascal

Montréal City Council will not take any action to block the sale of a portion of Sulpician property on Atwater and Sherbrooke St. W. to a private developer.

At the Monday night Council meeting, Executive Committee Chairman Yvon Lamarre responded during a question period to inquiries about the Council's intentions: "We believe that the project preserves the quality of the heritage of the Sulpician estate."

Almon Realties, Inc. purchased ten of the 60 acres owned by the Sulpicians from the Compagnie de St. Sulpice on September 25 and plans to build a condominium on the site.

Lamarre pointed out that the project is in accordance with 1968 zoning laws for the area, which limit new building to a height of 292 feet above sea level. There is some dispute, however, that the condominium will be 350 feet above sea level.

Michael Fainstat, Montréal Citizens' Movement councillor, asked whether the sale was part of "a process of expropriation" of downtown property with the developers gaining land "piece by piece."

Municipal Action Group councillor Nick Auf der Maur said: "This is an illustration of the need for a committee for urban conservation."

by Harold Koblin

Students living in residence may soon have a voting representative on Council if a campus-wide referendum on the matter passes.

At a meeting last night, Council voted to give approval to the creation of a new residence seat on the Students' Council.

In addition, Council rejected the terms of a proposal to create a separate publications society for the McGill Daily, while voting to approve the principle of autonomy for the paper.

The motion on residence representation passed after a long and heated debate between members of the Council and representatives from the various residence committees.

Steven Matthews, president of Gardner Hall, told the Council that students living in Residence comprise a separate community, and consequently

deserve their own representative.

"We spend 24 hours a day living under the University's academic statutes. They change things without telling us what they're doing."

"We need a voice to represent us," he said.

Kevin O'Neill, chairperson of the Inter-Residence Council, said that residence students need influence in Council so their interests can be protected. After presenting a petition with 800 signatures calling for the creation of a residence seat, O'Neill said:

"Look at last year's strike. Half the campus was supporting the strike, but the people in the residence were getting screwed."

"The Students' Society said they didn't want to get involved. There wasn't a representative from the residences to say, we thought this should go to arbitration," said O'Neill.

Several councillors

disagreed with the proposal. Ted Claxton (Law), said the interests of students living in residence might be better served if they took their complaints to the University Senate.

"I can't see how you can correctly judge the ability of 13 to 14 people in one group of elections," he said.

Society President Todd Ducharme rejected this argument.

"The residence representative will be elected only by people living in residence. We can feel assured that when these people vote for their representative they'll be a lot more careful than when they vote for Arts rep or president."

"The job of Council is to deal with those problems that effect a students' life. The addition of a residence representative could help us fulfill our mandate by doing that," he said.

The motion passed by a vote of fifteen to four.

The autonomy proposal was not as warmly received. Council recognized the need for Daily autonomy, however, it voted against the Autonomy Committee's (AC) recommendation that the Publication Society's Board of Directors be composed of five Daily staffers and four student members-at-large.

Ducharme told the Council that there were ample checks on the Board's operations, and that the Daily couldn't ram anything it wanted past the Board.

"I agree with the five-four split. Fifty per cent approval by the members-at-large is required to get certain motions passed," he said.

continued Friday

Chinese women leap forward

by Emil Sher

Women in China have been reaching equality in leaps and bounds since the 1949 revolution but are still not on equal footing with men, according to Patricia Alexander, who taught English in Peking for three years.

"Two things looked very obvious to me. Feudalism doesn't die easily, and as long as it's a poor nation, you've always got the danger of one group serving as the means for others groups' advancement," Alexander told a McGill audience Tuesday afternoon.

"Housework was a great burden and it wasn't shared equally," she said, and as a consequence, "one of the primary concerns on the

women's mind is modernization."

While stating that the advantages of washing machines over hand-scrubbing were self-evident, Alexander stressed that the Chinese were emphatic about retaining their sense of self-destiny in spite of modernization.

"On a global scale, China today wants to modernize and raise the standard of living, but has not got the same choices that developed countries had years ago," she said.

Some of these countries were responsible for the severe exploitation that women fell prey to prior to the Chinese revolution.

"Foreign wealth was built at the expense of the most

defenseless part of the population," Alexander said.

"Women were a reserve pool of cheap labour. The birth of a girl was a misfortune; girl babies were left exposed to die."

"Eight-year olds were obliged by economic circumstances to work as 'apprentices,'" said Alexander, who described the 14-hour days that endured for years as "brutal type of exploitation."

continued on page 11

Staff Meeting

It's at 4 pm in Union B-03, and Rosemary swears it will be interesting.

Inside:Special Weekly Halloween issue



IN MEMORIAM:



Diane Kruk

Died Tues. Oct. 21st, 1980
B.A. in Education June 1981
"All that lives must die, passing
through nature to eternity."
Sponsored by the McGill Polish
Students' Association

MEMORIAL
MASS

All friends, classmates and
professors of Diane Kruk
are invited to attend a
Memorial Mass to be
celebrated on campus today
at 5:15 pm in the Chapel of
the Newman Centre (3484
Peel St., 2nd floor). Diane
was in her graduating year
in the Faculty of Education
when she passed away last
Tuesday.

Classified

Ads may be placed through
Sadie's, 1st floor Student Union
building, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
McGill students: \$2 per day. For
3 days \$1.75, more than 3 days
\$1.50.
McGill Faculty and Staff: \$3.00
per day.
All others: \$3.50 per day.

341 — APT., ROOMS, HOUSING

Alpine, X-country ski house, located in Eastern
Townships, village of Georgeville, requires four
winter members. \$185 per person for season.
Beginners welcome. 651-0329 evenings.

2 students seek 3rd to share large sunny
townhouse in Guy/Sherbrooke area. Huge living
room, den & kitchen. \$175/month, available
immediately. Phone 933-2188 after 6 pm.

Would like to sublet your 2 1/2 or 3 1/2 room
apartment from Jan. 1st or May 1st? If so, phone
285-0197, ask for Trish Rm 523 or Anne Rm 528
or phone 286-1494.

Wanted to share immediately: 4 1/2 or 5 1/2
room apartment or duplex preferably with grad
student. I have a dog. Call 288-7352 Erika if
you're interested in a roommate.

350 — JOBS

Need money? In your spare time, earn that little
extra by selling a line of vitamin and mineral
supplements, household cleaning aids and
personal grooming products. All products are
natural, organic, non-polluting. Sales training
provided. Call 767-9805 late evenings or before 8
am; or leave name and phone number at Sadie's
c/o L. Cooke.

352 — HELP WANTED

Responsible student wanted with references to
care for 2 1/2 year old boy. Monday-Friday 8:15
to 2:00. After 5:00 pm, call 484-9110.

Mother's helper — Live in, weekends. Central
location. Own room. T.V. Time to study. Call
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354 — TYPING SERVICES

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356 — SERVICES OFFERED

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you! Mastery assured. London School of
Business. 735-5217, 733-8261.

372 — LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: Small girl's gold-coloured bracelet in
basement washroom of Undergraduate Library.
Phone 731-8968.

Last Monday a black cowboy hat was lost in
either the Leacock or the Union Bldg. A reward
is offered. Please return to the Students'
Society Desk in the Union Bldg., Rm 105.

Lost: in Leacock Bldg., in room 13, about 10
days ago: a calculator (about the size of a credit
card). Have a heart! If was a recent gift and I
can't afford a new one. Call Teresa 284-2053 or
285-0035.

Lost: delicate gold bracelet on lower campus. If
found, please call Ann at 482-4293 or Jane at
877-7835.

374 — PERSONAL

S.S. — Saw you at party last Friday. Call V.
Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Superman,
please respond. Ouspensky.

385 — NOTICES

STOP! READ THIS! Need something to
decorate or "dress up" those naked walls?
Don't have much money? We have what you
need. Very good quality ART posters at humble,
student prices. We also have frames, for
something with a little more class. For more
info or to make an appointment, call 932-6397
after 10 P.M. or on weekends.

Jerusalem week activities — interested in
helping us organize? Call Brian Cooper at 487-
0995.

Attention ski instructors. Teach at Jay Peak,
Sugar Bush, Mont Tremblant, etc. For more
information, call 697-9114.

387 — VOLUNTEERS

Female volunteers for trial of new contraceptive
to be taken only once. Appropriate stipend (\$350
Can.) involved. If interested, please call Royal
Victoria Hospital 842-1231, extension 729
between 9:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.

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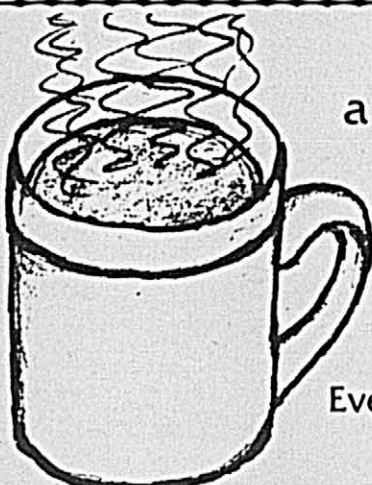
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After class,
a blazing hearth,
a warm mug
of cocoa, and
furry-footed
people . . .

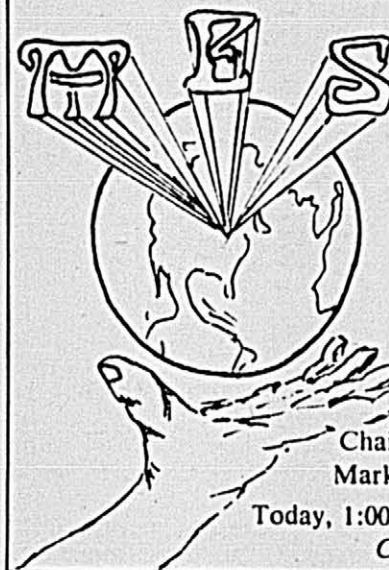
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QUEBEC PEACE COUNCIL

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Canada
and

World Disarmament

Chairperson:

Mark Spragett, President of M.E.S.

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THE
WEEKLY



the moon
does not
rise tonight
caught in the claws
of bare-branch gnarl
it hangs back pale
just over rooftops
and by morning
will have been consumed
by wild things grey faces
hidden
in the trunk of
the tree
Noah Zacharin



Weekly Producers:

Rona Unrau

Gino Apponi, editor

Graphics by Gerry Turcotte

Carlos J. Constantino

Graphics by Tien Dat Nguyen

Kathy Galarneau

Richard Wesley James

Louise Haberl

Cover by Gerry Turcotte

MEDIEVAL SELECTIONS

* AN EVENING OF MEDIEVAL MUSIC AND THEATRE



Nov. 6, 7, 8

8 pm.

Moyse Hall, Arts Bldg.

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reservations: 392-8926 or 8928

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on the
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**Kates
Hamburgers**
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back page!

Nightmare of the Ecologist

A burning river,
the fumes rising grey,
some bleached bones left

Seeking out the criminals:
soon my words are surplus,
here I am defiled,
my hands are charred and
I am a brittle shell

After the confession
I lunge to a sink
that overflows with soapsuds
to cleanse my soul
Heather Tisdale

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Terror, Alive, in Stone

Stone
Living stone
Once I was human
In a different
Space/time reality

I bravely sought dragons
A world of high dreams
Of love and romance
A universal dance
In stone
Living stone

Spaceship excursions
Personal incursions
Traversing the desert chest
Of the Human Planet

Its eyes are suns
Its breath, life
Its blood, oceans

And on the hand
A race of humans
And on the elbow
A race of humans

The land of hand
Wars with that of elbow
For the fertile plains of Ulua
But it's stone
All stone

Now I drift
Between stars
I'm a rift
In the fabric
Of the universe

I devour stars
To feed the Inferno,
My body
Of stone
Living stone

Christopher C.

.. And It was good

I took a trip
To space
Today

And though dark I read
A book
On the way

Arriving there,
Space that is,
I looked around

And very soon found
A very large book
All golden-bound

So I reached up
And turned on the sun
And opened the book to page one

A recipe for a universe
Sounded like fun
So I got together the ingredients

And read instruction one
"Make sure you have seven days"
And with that I'd begun
Christopher C.



Courtesy of SBGD and KOSL

I sat on Earth
Thought and pondered
Sought and wondered
What to do

For questions I had many
And answers, not a one
Spent lots of time
In mystic study
Tried a time-machine for fun

Studied West and studied East
Looked to past and future
Didn't find a thing

So I hopped into
My trusty dusty
Anthropomorphic
Super-duper-pooperscooter
And headed for somewhere
Between Earth and Mars

Sat a while in bravish thought
And stepped outside to take a walk

And close my spacesuit
Clung to me
Stars and planets did I see

So from my head
I took my helmet
In order to expose my ears.
And hanging gravityless
Somewhere between Earth and Mar
I heard the music
Of Pythagoras' spheres

(Brought to you by Shear Boredom
Ghetto Daze and the Committee to
Keep Our Spaceways Lawless)
Christopher C.

Psychological Killer Seen at Rocky Horror Picture Show

My soul is as black
as the outfit
I wear to Rocky Horror—
high camp,
mouth a slash
to represent the one
I'd like to make
when doing someone in;
and then I would
stay out all night,
a red line
now running through my soul;
tomorrow night
there's another showing
I'll disguise myself and
go as death in drag.

Heather Tisdale

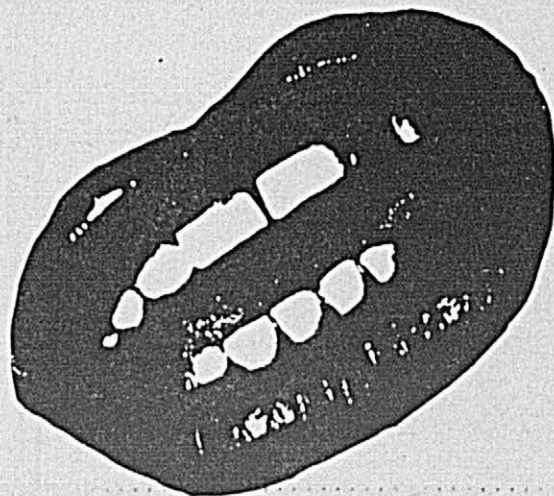
**Challenge**

Motorcycle trailing blood
Faceless rider comes from Hell
Bold his body, grim to tell
His tale of horror, bloody well

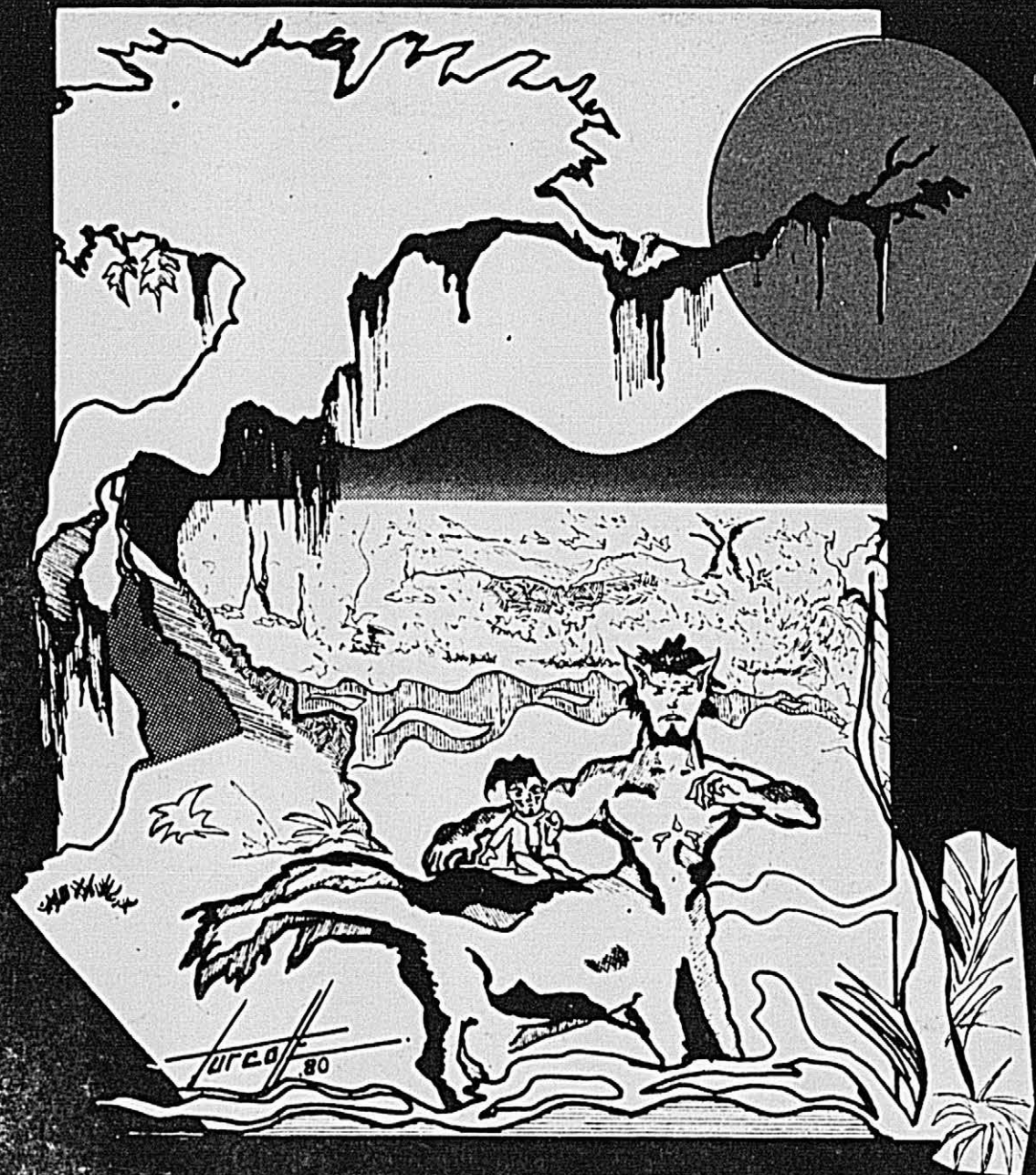
Come from books, gone from Hell
Sent to Earth to pass a spell
Hoary demons by his side
In his wake, deathly tide

No one listened, nor believed
Planet Earth felt relieved
Now he sits upon the pad
Launch is ready, grimly sad

And thus to space he's flown
The time is not far gone
Mephisto laughs a gruesome thing
Gone to challenge the Universe King
Christopher C.



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on the
back page!



The Glade

Undead Kill

The Glade

The forest. Awesome in its expanse; reaching from time to timelessness, chaos to order, belief to vacuum. Awesome in its contents; all noise comes from the forest and there are all noises in the forest. It is awash with life and learning, change and failure. It is an eternal.

A glade. Oasis of silence in the forest, small and difficult to find. There is beauty in its silent symphony of gently waving grasses and swirling blue-gray mists. A patient beauty. Rank upon rank of sentinel trees march into mist-obscurity protecting the secret of the waiting glade; keeping the magic. The glade knows no passage of time; it knows no death. It knows forever; it knows being; it knows waiting.

The glade, waiting. An entrance is made and noise enters from the forest. Crashing of branches growing closer; a hasty, frantic crashing. In the mist now; something running through the grass, over the knolls. It slows its mad rush and stops in the center of the glade. Silence returns, to be broken again, now by the gentle sobs of the young centaur. There is something on its back. The centaur twists its torso around to face the gnome, saying, "I don't want to go. We can be of such help. Make things so beautiful."

The gnome looks up into the sad face of the young centaur: "We must go. They want neither our gifts nor our help. They do not believe in us anymore. They no longer wish to know us. But we will be again somewhere."

The centaur drops its head in reluctant agreement and speaks hesitantly. "And will she have to go, too?" The gnome looks up at the shining moon.

"Yes," says the gnome. As the two look on, the moon loses her radiant countenance and is a piece of dead rock; the sun inhabits a lonely sky. They walk away, slowly, into the mist.

The glade, waiting. The sound of horses running. Four white horses burst into the glade drawing a chariot, its rider unconscious. Now in the grass the horses slow down, then stop. The charioteer slumps to the floor of the chariot then enters the grass lying on his back, an arrow protruding from his chest. He sleeps and dreams and is conscious. He sees the shaft that has invaded his body and is startled to be alive. He grips the shaft and pulls it free; no blood follows. He looks at the arrow which has no blood on it, then to his chest where no wound is to be found. He looks up from where he lies and is astonished: "This is no desert," he cries, puzzled.

He casts his gaze around, sees the horses and goes to them. Unharnessing them he says, "It is not right that you should pull a burden that you do not choose freely." The horses are free; they wander into the mist and are gone. Mist swirls about the chariot and it is gone. The charioteer sheds his armor as he walks toward the forest. "There are still a few things I'd like to do before I..." He is once more in the forest.

The glade; waiting. A great cat roars. A gunshot. The tiger bounds into the glade followed by another gunshot, then turns. The hunter runs into the

glade, spots his quarry, levels his gun; and the tiger waits. The hunter hesitates, then lowers his gun saying, "This is wrong."

"Yes," agrees the tiger.

The man releases the gun, walks to the tiger and says, "I'm sorry."

"Don't mention it," replies the tiger; and they both smile and walk away into the mist.

...

The glade; waiting. Voices. Footsteps on cement. Slow, aged footsteps. An old couple appear in the glade. "It's been a long life, eh, Harry?" says the old woman.

"Yep," replies the old man.

The old woman looks up, a new light in her eyes. "Don't you feel like it's just begun?" she asks excitedly. "There's no dying. We're not even very old."

"You're right, Louise," says the man, smiling. "Goddamnit, if that ain't the truth."

The mist swirls and a young couple are in the glade. They smile and kiss as the mist swirls about them; the glade is alone. Footsteps on cement; quick; young; receding.

...

The glade; waiting. Staccato gunfire. A man, dirty and sweaty, is running and stumbles into the glade. Staccato gunfire comes again from the machine-gun of another who is now in the glade. The first soldier is fallen down as the second aims his guns and fires, riddling the first with bullets. He drops the gun in horror. The first stares at the holes in his body, smiles, gets up and walks toward the other.

Both look puzzled and one says to the other, "You're German and I'm British and yet, now those words mean nothing to me. They do not describe us. First we're human; brothers." They both smile, embrace, and walk into the mist.

...

The glade; waiting. Voices. A key turns in a lock and a door opens followed by sounds of two people walking into an apartment, setting packages down, and moving around. The door closes. "I'm going to the bathroom, Jean. Don't bother me for a while."

A door shuts. A young woman is in the glade and holds a razor-blade poised over her left wrist. She looks up, sees where she is and squints in puzzlement. She looks back to her wrist and the death that is hovering there. She smiles sheepishly then, with new knowledge. The mist swirls.

A door opens. "You know, Jean, I almost committed suicide. Isn't that funny?" "Yeah, priceless."

...

The glade; waiting. Swirling mist. In the distance is a centaur with a gnome upon its back. "Is it time? Can we really go back?" asks the centaur eagerly. "Yes, it's nearly time," replies the gnome. Swirling mist.

...

The glade; waiting. Timeless. Deathless. Peaceful. Waiting for peace. Waiting for love. Waiting for love. Waiting. Waiting.

Christopher C.



Undead Kill

He was a thin man, but no more so than many others; he was a pale man, but not so pale as to cause undue attention. When he smiled, you might see the outline of a too-sharp incisor. But he wore street clothes and spoke English as an American would. There was, in short, nothing about him to suggest conclusively that he was a vampire, unless you studied him slowly and knowledgeably.

Yet no one ever did; he unnerved people too much. As he was now unnerving the Canadian leader of the Anti-Imperialism Front. The urban guerilla had seen a lot over the last few years; yet, even now, in a secluded room with two of his goons to protect him, he was plainly scared. The vampire could see — and almost smell — the fear, and secretly reveled in it.

"Your, uh, services come highly recommended, Ravenscroft —"

"Mister Ravenscroft. I once had a more exalted title," he sighed, "but that was long ago. Even now, though, I still insist on a low-class honorific."

Ravenscroft grinned as he saw the terrorist debate with himself whether to respond to this, and finally decide to let it pass.

"Right. Well, you've served our counterpart organizations in Europe well — and for one who serves our cause only for money, you come surprisingly cheap."

"I need to keep myself amused; I need money somewhat less. My daytime sleeping quarters are simple and inexpensive. Modern entertainment bores me. And as for food," Ravenscroft grinned again, "I don't need to pay for that."

Now all three terrorists looked uneasy.

Ravenscroft laughed. "Don't worry, gentlemen. I dined less than an hour ago." This did not seem to reassure them much. "Now — since we've agreed on price, you might want to tell me who I am to kill for you."

"The new Swedish consul will be feted at a reception in his honor this Thursday night. We've announced our plans for his execution, so security will be tight, but they'll be expecting guns or bombs — not someone like you."

"I see. You wish me only to use my strength on him?"

"Yes. If they don't know the, uh, nature of his killer, you'll be more able to serve our cause again. We have a set of credentials prepared for you to get you into the reception."

"Good. Cash in advance, of course."

"I have the money here."

After Ravenscroft had left, still smiling sardonically, the Front leader said, "We'll be striking a blow against the imperialists' puppet regime."

"I'm glad you didn't say so while he was around," muttered one of the others. "I don't think he likes to listen to that stuff."

"What a boring evening," said an agent whose name happened to be Jim Cowper.

"Personally, that's the way I like them," said a totally interchangeable agent whose name happened to be Roy Silverman.

"I know." Cowper started moodily across the consulate ballroom floor, where the reception was still going strong. "But after your hundredth diplomatic reception, you almost wish something would happen to relieve the boredom."

"Some terrorist group sent a death threat against the consul, didn't it?"

"I never heard of that outfit, though. Probably just some nut."

"Aren't they all," Silverman said. "Well, keep your eye on that skinny old

guy over there near the consul. His papers were OK, but I don't know him from anyplace."

"Got you."

...

The problem, Ravenscroft thought, was to get the consul alone, or at least distant from the others. There'd be agents from both governments, of course, and on their guard, but if Ravenscroft moved quickly enough the fools wouldn't be able to do anything. A quick blow to the neck, a leap to a window, a change to bat form, and escape...very simple.

He licked his lips. He should have eaten before coming here, but there'd been no time since sunset. Perhaps a quick bite before dispatching the consul? No. Too risky. And it was early in the night. Plenty of time later.

...

Cowper studied the thin man. He was engaging the consul in conversation now; he seemed to have a fascination for anyone he came in contact with. Probably just a harmless old guy, but you never knew — and when he drew his lips back to a smile, there was something funny about his teeth. As though he were a...

No. Ridiculous.

...

Things were going well for Ravenscroft. He'd steered the consul near a window, away from most of the others in the room. Now, if only he could get rid of the two fools with him...

"Well, you must forgive us, gentlemen, we have to go see..."

Give thanks for a vampire's mildly hypnotic powers of suggestion. Now they were alone. If only he could ignore his damnable hunger.

But why delay the feast? There was one goon about twenty feet away, but that was far for a human, and his eyes were not on either man. And there was no need to drain all the blood, — just enough to sate Ravenscroft for the moment, and a quick blow to the skull. And if anyone attacked, well, he was supernaturally strong, and immune to bullets.

"Consul, there's something I've got to do," he said.

...

Contrary to all his training, Cowper did not leap forward the instant he saw the man go for the consul. Instead, he jumped backwards to the dais where the consul would speak later that evening. Over it were the Swedish flags and Canadian flags...

Clutching his prize, Cowper sped to where the thin man was bending over the struggling consul. Good. He was still alive, then. If I'm wrong about this, Cowper thought, I lose my job and look like an idiot when I try to explain.

...

Ravenscroft opened his jaws as he bent toward the consul's bared neck. Dimly he heard the beginnings of a commotion, but he paid no attention. This would take but a few —

His head flew up as someone kicked the point of his jaw. Ravenscroft's strong constitution kept him from serious harm, but he felt the blow. Who dared?

No. No fighting. And no food either. The thing was now to strike and escape. One undead arm's blow, and out the window. Ravenscroft backhanded the attacker off his feet, and reached for the fleeing consul.

...

Now!

Cowper lunged forward, holding the flag as a matador would, between the attacker and the victim. *This had better work!*

...

Something dropped in front of Ravenscroft's face. Something blue and yellow. He reared back for a better look.

No! Of all the accursed things to see! Ravenscroft screamed and shielded his eyes. The foul thing was between him and the prey; there was no way to come near it, much less remove it. Two or three men were starting to grab him, but Ravenscroft shrugged them off and sprang for the window. Once in the comforting darkness, he let the change come over him, and soared off into the sky.

Next time...If there was to be a next time, perhaps it was time to find another line of work.

...

"H'ow's the consul?" Cowper asked.

"A bit shaken, but OK," Silverman replied. "So that was a vampire, huh?" His tone was plainly skeptical.

"Yes, although I don't know if I'll say so in my report. But look — when we looked out the window, there were only a couple of footprints in the soft garden earth. The guy would have had to go back in through the same window, or else fly off — and we know he didn't come back in here. You didn't see the shape of his teeth when he smiled, but you *did* see how he went for the consul's neck. And for a thin man, he was strong — stronger than three trained agents who were on him. As though his strength were supernatural. And you saw how he reacted to the flag."

"There's an all-points bulletin out for him."

"Good. BUT I don't think anyone will find him."

"One thing, though — why *did* the guy scream and back off when you waved the flag in front of his face?"

"That's what convinces me more than anything else that he was a vampire." Cowper suddenly felt very tired, and very angry. Old evil was joining forces with new evil, and he knew that his side might very well refuse to credit the existence of one half the alliance — making it that more dangerous. God knew what the future would bring.

"When you turn the Swedish flag on one side, its design takes on the shape of a Christian cross, Roy."

Russell Martin

The Dream

When he awoke the following morning amid the scent of fresh cut flowers and porridge. Arthur Barnett had no recollection of the events of the night before. Meanwhile, in a dingy flat above a west-side pizzeria, Arthur Barnett was falling asleep.

He dressed and shaved and wandered out into the garden where he had the habit of taking his breakfast. He slept soundly on into the night as the plaster in the ceilings cracked and the paint peeled hideously from the walls. The sun shone warmly down on his back as he leafed through the *Times* to the Metropolitan Report.

The doorknob turned silently in its socket as the assassin entered his flat. Through the curtainless window streetlights played on the naked blade.

They found him dead in the garden at noon. The doctors said he had suffered a heart attack. But although no marks were found on his body and nothing seemed amiss, his maid later testified at an inquest that she had seen blood on the newspaper near where his head had fallen. No one took her very seriously.

Under the blood stain the headline read: GANGSTER SLAIN IN SLEEP.

Erika Rosenfeld



Terror, Alive in Flesh

Montreal, by night. Bright, hurried lights. Cop cars and dull stars. Sidewalks of slickness, you fall in the wetness. Hey, hero, get up! What's wrong? You drunk again, Johnny? Yeah, you, hero. You're wasted. Like you're gonna screw your metabolism that way, man. Get up, Johnny, they're closing in. Try and block your mind with drugs; how pathetic. They got power, man, lots of power.

You've done pretty good so far. You stopped them from pinning those rapes on you and you even managed to avoid the blame for killing that busload of kids; but you can't keep it up, hero. So run, Johnny, run! Buy time. Get those legs moving, 'cause this is the real thing; you know, like in the commercials.

This is *their* night. You thought it'd be fun; witches and covens and snails. You thought there was something behind Halloween You just *had* to find out. Well you found out. Happy?

Move, hero, move. I can see them coming, and they're ugly and big. And they won't kill you. No, you're not gonna be that lucky. They'll melt down and take your soul and hang it on Mars for a decade or two before they bring it back to feast on.

They're too close. Faster, faster. Head for the lights. They don't like that; it might slow them down. They've got guns. Oh my God, they've got guns. Those ain't Saturday-night-specials they're packin'; without trying, those things can take out a city block. They're tearing up the street now. They can't see you properly. It's time to turn and fight, Johnny. Use what you've learned. Believe, like never before. Just believe. Harder, Johnny, harder. It's working. Breathe easy, man, 'cause it works. The guns have stopped and they're fading.

They're gone, hero. You've won. Proud of it?

Unexplained Destruction on University Street

University Street was mysteriously torn up early this morning by unexplained forces.

Police reported a man on the scene, who claimed to know nothing and...



McGill

Course Additions

Be advised that the Faculty of Occult Sciences will offer graduate level seminars commencing October 30th, 1980 at midnight in Rm 1301 of the Stewart Biology Building. These courses are also offered in alternate years on February 29th beginning in 1981.

- Alchemy 611:** Transformational techniques. Students will learn how to transform a first-year chemistry assignment into a PhD thesis and vice versa. Open to Arts Students only.
- Anatomy 532:** Bat dissection. Visceral & musculo-skeletal anatomy of bats will be reviewed with special emphasis on vampirism and its social impact. Students are requested to supply their own bats.
- Botany 724:** A field course which will concentrate on the morphology of carnivorous plants and on the recognition of dangerous species. Each student will be required to compile an herbarium and particular emphasis will be placed on self-defense in the field.
- Painting 004:** Introduction to colour. Students will be taught the rudiments of colour composition with special emphasis on black and why it is good.

Ancient Languages 1366BC:

Reincarnation II:

Haematology 652:

Elizabethan Verse 1568:

The Tibetan Book of the Dead will be read in three translations and students will be expected to determine and to substantiate with examples which of the three versions is the original. Tooth marks will be assigned on the basis of two essays and one terminal examination. All grades are final.

Prerequisite Ancient Languages 1366BC. After completing the prerequisite students will be expected to present themselves at registration. Students will receive a passing (P) or failing (F) grade depending on whether or not they show up. (3 credits)

Students will learn how to distinguish between leucocytes and erythrocytes by taste. The opening lecture will be followed by a blood & cheese party and students are expected to bring their own friends. No prerequisite. Open to students in all faculties. Professors also welcome.

Students will be expected to memorize and recite specific selections from *Macbeth*. Examinations are oral and will be held in the basement of the McIntyre Medical Building.

Participatory Cults at McGill

The McGill Film Society is devoting its Thursday series this semester to the cult film. "Cult" is a term that has been arbitrarily applied to any movie that has gone beyond mere popularity to the point of creating a following; thousands of people who will see the movie again and again and again. A cult film is not so much a movie as an event, passive entertainment turned participatory.

The audience at these movies often becomes as much of an attraction as the film itself. *Rocky Horror*

Picture Show, which opened the McGill Festival, is a case in point. If you have not seen this movie yet, don't bother. The chanting of the crowds drowns the soundtrack and toast, rice, and toilet paper hurled by the audience obstruct the screen. Of course, some would say if you haven't seen the movie with these interruptions, you haven't really seen the movie.

Most cult films were largely ignored when they first opened, only gaining popularity years later on late night television and in second run movie houses. Some films, such as *The Invasion of the*

Body Snatchers, which will be shown at McGill this evening, become popular for reasons other than those originally intended by the director. In *Body Snatchers*, the earth is invaded by human duplicates which kill off the real people and take over society. The difference between the humans and the invaders is the lack of emotion and sensibility in the aliens. A product of the Cold War, *Body Snatchers* expresses the fear of personality perversion and brain-washing. The aliens can be seen as a metaphor for the Red Menace, changing "normal" people into inhuman machines. Such a message bears little relation to the film's present popularity. It is now seen as fun, if hokey, science fiction. Believability is not a major factor in the attraction of cult films.

Some cult movies, however, do carry a message that continues to move audiences. In *King of Hearts*, Alan Bates plays a soldier who happens upon an evacuated village, now inhabited only by the inmates of the town's insane asylum. When his regiment returns, Bates must decide whether to opt for the "sane" reality of war and destruction, or retreat back to the asylum with his new friends.

The Man Who Fell to Earth, the last film in the McGill series, can attribute its cult status largely to the presence of rock star David Bowie in the starring role. This film is *Body Snatchers* in reverse; the crassness and materialism of contemporary society revealed through the eyes of an alien. The director, Nicholas Roeg, manages to utilize a rather bizarre sci-fi plot to reveal a great deal about good old American greed.

The reasons why a film attracts a cult following are often inexplicable. Cult films

are not usually consciously created. (Russ Meyer's "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" is a possible exception). These films become popular because of their stars, or their soundtracks, or some indefinable quality not necessarily related to artistic merit. Some of these films are simply good movies. With others, the attraction stems possibly from the fact that they require little insight or even attentiveness on the part of the viewer to be enjoyable.

Halloween Costume Party —

WHERE?

At the Newman Centre

3484 Peel Street

392-6711

WHEN?

October 31

8 PM till . . .

DONATION: \$2.00

Kates Hamburgers

See our specials on the back page!

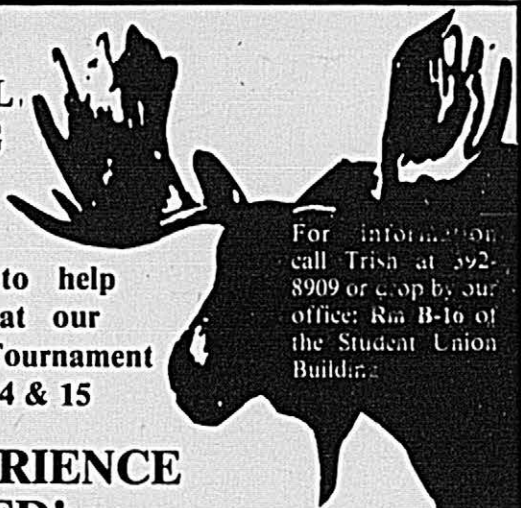
Kates Hamburgers
See our specials on the back page!

THE MCGILL DEBATING UNION

needs people to help judge debates at our High School Tournament on November 14 & 15

NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED!

For information call Trish at 392-8909 or drop by our office: Rm B-16 of the Student Union Building.



Easy drinking O'Keefe.



Students' Society BY-ELECTIONS



TO BE HELD

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1980

(ADVANCE POLLS — NOVEMBER 25, 1980 — PLACES TO BE ANNOUNCED)

NOMINATIONS ARE HEREBY CALLED FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS

*SENATE

MEDICINE (incl. Nursing & P & OT)

1 REPRESENTATIVE

MUSIC

1 REPRESENTATIVE

GRADUATE STUDIES (Professional)

1 REPRESENTATIVE

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

1 REPRESENTATIVE

DEADLINE: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1980 (see below)

CANDIDATE'S QUALIFICATIONS AND NOMINATING PROCEDURES:

SENATE

Candidates must be members of the McGill Students' Society and

1. be students in good standing who are registered full-time for a degree or diploma and have satisfied conditions for promotion in their previous year of studies,

or

2. be students in good standing who have satisfied conditions for promotion in the previous year of studies and who are registered in a degree or diploma program, but who are permitted by Faculty to undertake a limited program,

or

3. be students in good standing who are registered full-time or in a limited program for a degree or diploma, and who are repeating a year for reasons other than academic failure.

Nominations must be signed by at least 50 members of the McGill Students' Society who are in the same faculty as the prospective candidate together with their year and faculty, or by 25% of the student enrolment in the faculty together with their year and faculty, whichever is the lesser of the two.

N.B. Students in Continuing Education are NOT members of the Students' Society.

OFFICIAL NOMINATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE AT THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY GENERAL OFFICE, ROOM 105 3480 MCTAVISH STREET.

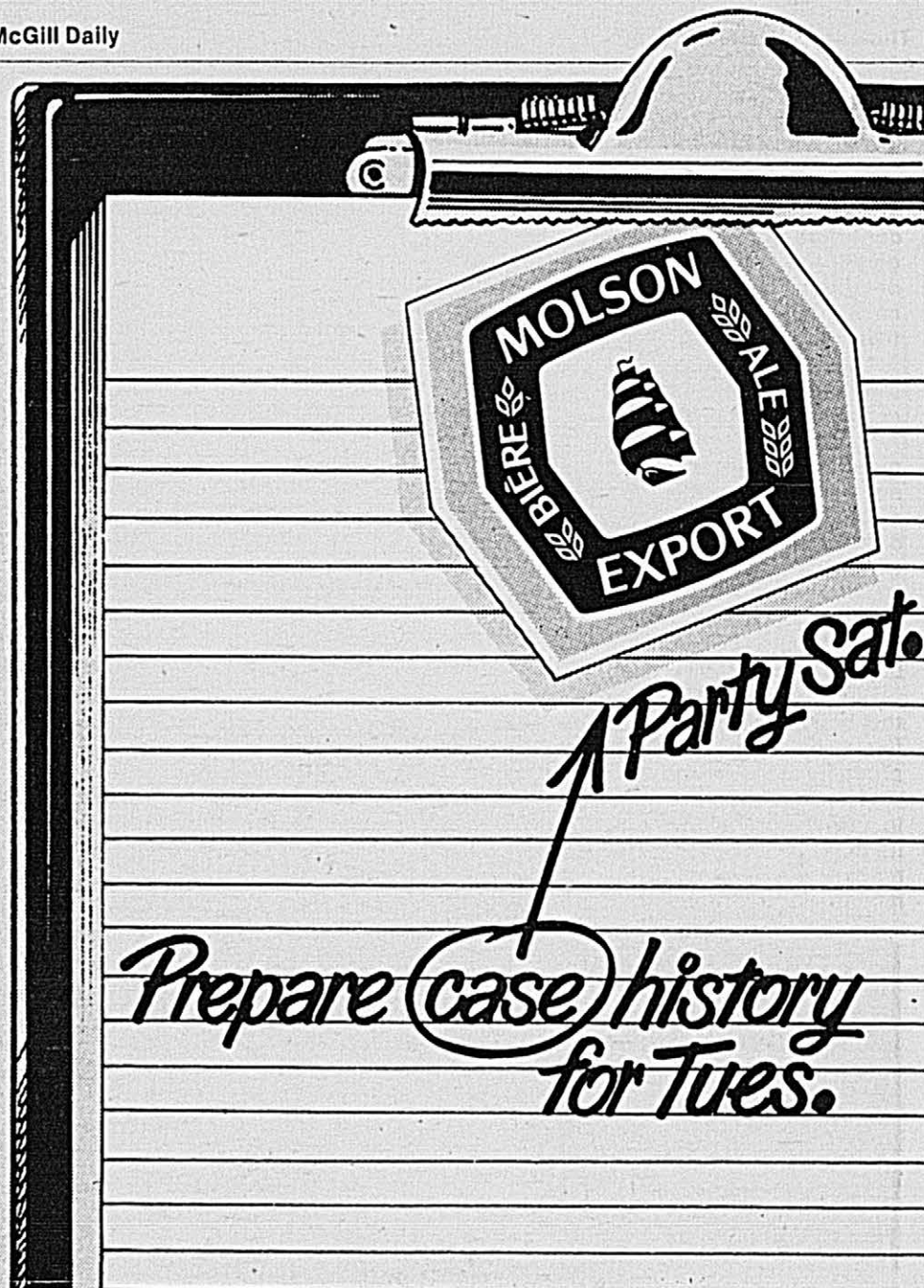
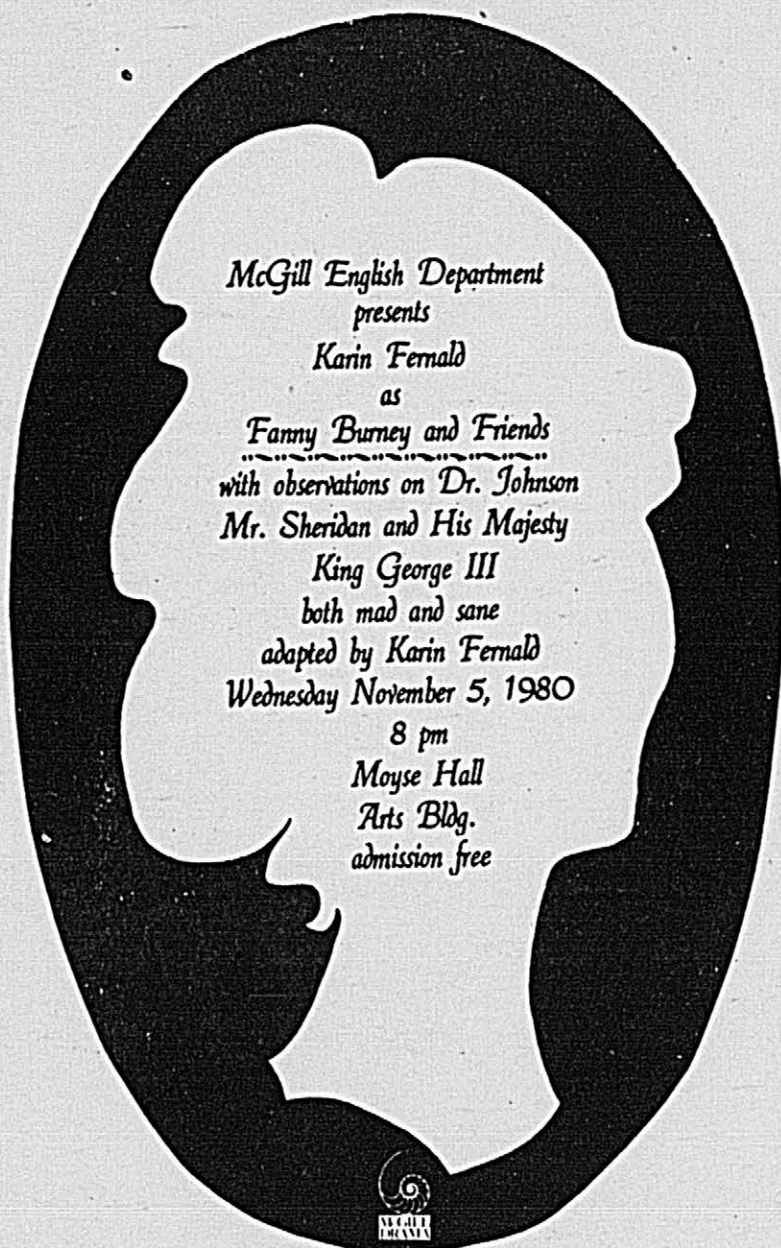
ALL NOMINATION FORMS MUST HAVE THE CANDIDATE'S SIGNATURE, TOGETHER WITH HIS YEAR AND FACULTY, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER.

*CANDIDATES MAY RUN FOR ONE POSITION IN EACH OF THE THREE CATEGORIES PROVIDED SEPARATE NOMINATION PAPERS ARE HANDED IN FOR EACH POSITION. A PENSKECH OF 100 WORDS OR LESS AND A PHOTO OF THE NOMINEE MUST BE HANDED IN WITH THE NOMINATION.

ALL NOMINATIONS MUST BE SUBMITTED TO THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY GENERAL OFFICE IN THE STUDENTS' UNION NO LATER THAN:

4:30 P.M. THURSDAY, NOV. 6 1980
C/O MISS NICOLE MACKENZIE

PETER ARTHUR
CHIEF RETURNING OFFICER



OLD MCGILL



'81



Attention Graduating Students

You have only 1 day to get your picture taken for Old McGill, the student yearbook. Just bring \$25.00 to Van Dyck and Meyers Studios at 1121 Ste. Catherine St. W. and they will do all the rest. They will even give you change back, but be sure to go down before Friday, October 31, 1980.

THERE WILL BE NO EXTENSIONS

Pick up an information sheet at the Student Society office on the first floor of the Union or call Van Dyck and Meyers at 849-7327 or call the Old McGill office at 392-8990.
(Due to the mail strike please pick up your proofs at Van Dyck's 2 weeks after your sitting.)

Nuclear power...

continued from page 1

gives off bursts of energy which disrupt living tissue. In many cases, exposure to radioactivity causes cancer.

"There is no such scientific thing as a 'safe' dose of radioactivity," said Edwards.

Radioactive waste is a product of nuclear fission in the nuclear bomb and reactor, explained Edwards. One atom of uranium 235 is bombarded with neutrons until it becomes supercritical (reduced to a smaller size). The more supercritical it becomes, the bigger the blast that occurs.

When uranium 235 is split, the broken pieces create new fission by-products. All of these products are toxic and reactive.

"Nuclear reactors use fission in a slow, controlled manner. In its most basic sense a nuclear reactor is a very sophisticated means of boiling water," said

(guess who).

"In one year a reactor produces 1000 times the radioactive materials a bomb-testing does."

"Nobody knows what to do with nuclear waste," said Edwards. "It only emphasizes the point that nuclear power is very safe as long as nothing's alive."

Edwards called the CANDU reactor a "very ingenious machine," and praised it from an engineering perspective.

Its fuel can be removed by remote control, and its cooling system is made up of hundreds of small pipes. But if one of the pipes were to break there would be a disastrous nuclear accident.

"The Canadian government has steadfastly refused to open a national inquiry," said Edwards. "What we have is an industry and a government that have a siege mentality."

He suggested that one way to counteract this mentality is to write to one's Member of Parliament.

"Admittedly this is an individualistic and perhaps futile action," he said.

"The most effective way to draw public attention to nuclear problems is to join our group or any other that is concerned with them."

continued from page 1

The promulgation of marriage and land reform laws that followed the revolution tightened women's grasp on emancipation.

"For the first time, women saw their names used in public and put down in deeds," Alexander said.

"For the first time, there was the concept of public ownership of land. Now, women are being paid for how much they

work. This economic change is a great step forward for the equality of women.

"As ownership came more into the hands of the people, profits were used for social services," she said.

One direct result was that "day care developed in a massive way."

Québec's day care services which, according to Alexander, is guaranteed for only 1-2% of those who qualify, pales in comparison to day care in China. She explained that

access to day care centres is the right of all Chinese children and that "people know that their children are well-cared for."

Despite the obstacles that Alexander feels Chinese women must still overcome, she praised their accomplishments and said that "I've never seen such women in my life as the women in China."

Alexander's speech was sponsored by the Women's Union as part of Women's Week.

Today

World Hunger Committee

Attention all members! Get your completed membership forms to me, Katie, by or on Friday. Call me for an appointment: 843-7723.

McGill Contemporary Dance Workshop

All dancers who would like to dance in the spring show and need a dance, should come to the general meeting tonight at 8:00 pm in COTC lounge, Currie Gym. Choreographers, this is your chance to find dancers.

Disarmament Week

McGill Environmental Society presents Edward Sloan, President of the Quebec Peace Council.

Topic: "Canada and World Disarmament"

Thurs. Oct. 30 1 pm. Union bldg. Rm. 310. Coffee and doughnuts.

The Register

McGill's History Journal will be on sale today in the lobby of the Leacock Building for \$1.25.

Department of Anthropology

Presents Dr. John GALATY (Anthropology, McGill) speaking on: *Organizations for pastoral development: Contexts of causality, change and assessment* at 4 p.m., LEACOCK 738

Women's Union

Display on women in health from 11:30 - 2:30, and film on self-help at 12:00, in

Union room 107-8. Self-help workshop for women only will follow in the women's union. Details available at display.

Radio McGill

Like to go to the movies for free? Today, at 9, 11, 1:15, 4:15, RADIO MCGILL gives a pass for 2 to the SEVILLE theatre. How to win? When you hear the trivia question announced on the air and you have the right answer, phone us at 392-8938 or run down to room B-11 in the basement of the Union Building. The first McGill student with the right answer gets a pass for two to a movie tonight. Music and movies from CFRM.

Camera Club

A few one-evening beginner classes are still open. For more information and registration, come by our office (Rm B-06, Student Union) today or call us at 392-8925.

Gay Men and Women of McGill

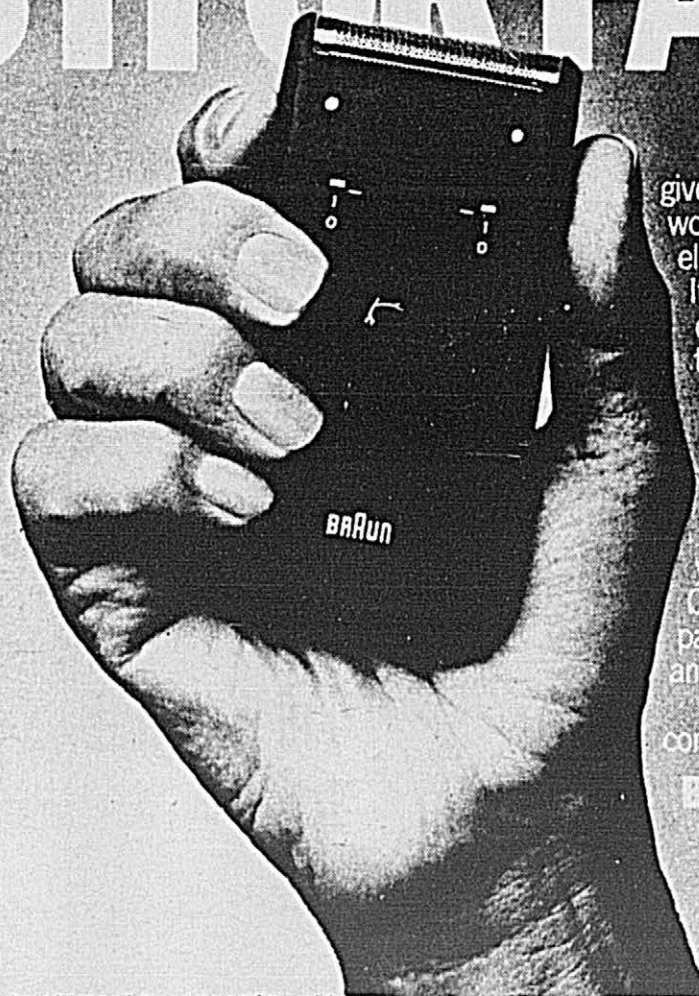
A discussion tonight on the one thing we all have in common: gay sex. 7:30, Union B-01.

McGill Graduates' Society

The Career Conference originally scheduled for Saturday, November 1, 1980 has been postponed until further notice. Students who have paid registration fees will have it returned by mail. All interested U1s watch for announcements in the Daily regarding the rescheduled date for Career Conference.

**Kates
Hamburgers**
See our specials
on the
back page!

YOU'VE GOT 30 DAYS TO PASS IT OR FAIL IT.



The Braun Standard shaver will give you a shave so close you wouldn't believe you did it with an electric shaver.

It's true. Try it, and if you don't think so, you've got nothing to lose. Return your Braun Standard within 30 days of your purchase and we'll return your money.

That's how confident we are about this shaver. We're sure you'll give it high marks too.

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30 DAY TRIAL OFFER.**

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**HEAR
SHLOMO!**

**HEAR
MOISHE!**

**HEAR
SOLLY!**

Thursday, October 30, 1980

RISEING SUN
CELEBRITY
JAZZ
club

The Blues Legendaries

**SONNY TERRY &
BROWNIE MCGHEE**



Tonight thru Nov. 2
(off Oct. 27)

Tito Pointe

The King of Salsa
Tonight - Monday
at Doudou's
Rockheads

1252 St. Antoine W.

286 rue Ste-Catherine Ouest
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**Charcuterie
Mansfield**

Soup 45¢
with purchase of
any sandwich
Between 2-7 pm
Valid until Nov. 15
1473 Mansfield

**THE RESUR-
RECTION**



Con
of the
centuries?

**HEAR
RUSTY!**

Rusty Wright, author of two books, speaks to thousands of students and faculty across the nation each year.

Today
12:00 & 5:00 PM
Union Ballroom
Student Union Bldg.

FREE

Sponsored by Campus Crusade for Christ International: A Student Movement

McGill

HALLOWEEN DANCE!

EVERYONE WELCOME!

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 1st

UNION BALL-ROOM 3480 McTavish 8:30 PM.

Music by **NIGHT MOVES**

Spectacular Light Show by **IVAN CO.**



DOOR PRIZES!!

HAPPY HOUR UNTIL 10 PM

3 BEERS for .99¢

Special PRIZES for BEST COSTUMES!

ADMISSION: .99¢

**KATES
HAMBURGERS**

THIS MONTH'S SPECIALS:

HAMBURGER	75¢
2 HOMEMADE MUFFINS & COFFEE	99¢



- Pizza by the slice
- Submarines
- Spaghetti

Open

Sun-Thurs — 8 am-1 am

Fri & Sat — 8 am-3 am

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